THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LVI.

Satius est supervacua discere quam nihil. *Sen. Ep.*

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

Turning over the leaves of a collection of ancient apologues, a few days ago, I was struck with one of the number, in which the cynic Momus taxes Jupiter with a palpable defect in the organization of the human frame, the want of *windows* in the breast, to disclose the dangerous secrets, and unravel the mazy labyrinths of the heart. In spite of my insuperable aversion for all that tends to dictate to Omnipotence, or arraign the works of His infinite power, notwithstanding my implicit acquiescence in this maxim that "whatever is, is right," I could not but indulge my fancy in contemplating the beneficial effects which would result to the world from the realization of so unusual an idea. These are no less than the cessation of all the multifarious miseries that duplicity and intrigue have entailed upon mankind: the abortion of all the baleful machinations of fraud and malevolence; all the unutterable blessings that the universal predominance of candor and good faith could afford. My imagination was busy in establishing the auspicious empire of peace; in anticipating the perpetration of innumerable crimes, at which humanity shudders, and stopping that lamentable effusion of human blood, which has so long drenched the face of the earth. I had figured to myself a golden age, as pregnant with felicity, as that delineated by the masterly pencils of Lucretius and Tibullus,

Non acies, non ira fuit, non bella, &c.

This train of thought led me to reflect principally upon the strange metamorphosis that such a disposition of things would effectuate in our intercourse with the fair sex. Your female readers would, I believe, have reason to deprecate the event. The jilt could no longer vaunt her gulls; the invidious distinctions of prude and coquette would be exploded. As the penetralia of the soul would there be laid open, those latent springs by which they obtain and perpetuate their triumph over hearts; the powerful engines of dissimulation and pretended affection would cease to operate; the eye, that beams with fondness, but which is the mask of rancour, the fascinating smile of approbation, and the occult sentiment of contempt; the winning softness of the countenance, the mild exterior, and prepossessing manners, that have so often subjugated a miserable wretch to the intractable temper of a fury. How many hours of anguish, how many excruciating doubts, how many watchful nights would the unfortunate lover escape, who despairs, when, perhaps, he is beloved? The treachery and mutability of women would no longer be the general theme. We might, perhaps, love some eloquent poetical effusions, but this inconvenience would be satisfactorily counterbalanced by a reprieve from that inundation of insipid rhyme and disgusting monodies, which deluge all our periodical miscellanies, and of which your's, Mr. Saunter, is, I perceive, not altogether free.

From the pleasing illusions of Fancy I was gradually conducted, by a very natural association of ideas, to deplore the existence of a real and prominent blemish, in the national character of our country women: an evil to which it is desirable that you, in the plenitude of your censorial power, could furnish an adequate remedy. Happening to meet, a few evenings past, an intelligent foreigner, our conversation casually turned upon the comparative merits of the European and American fair. In his contrast of their various excellencies and imperfections, I was pleased with a degree of impartiality, hardly to be expected from that strong predilection we always entertain for the growth of our own soil, and some of his remarks appeared both forcible and just. He allowed to the latter, beauty united to sensibility, the most finished graces of the person, and the most estimable qualifications of the mind, and all those soft feminine virtues, which superadd such an indescribable charm to every action of the sex, but observed, that they neither attract attention nor inspire affection with the same ease and irresistible violence as the Italian or the French women, although nature seemed to have lavished her gifts with as prodigal a hand here as elsewhere. To render society agreeable, to give to convivial meetings the intellectual enjoyment of which they are so eminently susceptible, there must be reciprocal cordiality, a mutual desire and exertion to please. Every man, who seeks the company of women, wishes not only to impart his own ideas, but to hear those of others, to be enlivened by sprightly and appropriate observations, as well as to enliven. Whether this object is to be attained in our polite circles, I leave the determination to those who habitually frequent them. Unless recommended by the ties, either of consanguinity or intimate friendship, you may seat yourself by the side of the generality of our belles, and fruitlessly exhaust your patience and ingenuity in attempting to draw forth an exertion of their colloquial powers; ask a thousand questions, and you will be categorically answered by simple *yes*, and *no*; strain every nerve to produce remarks, of any species, and you will be, eventually, disappointed.

An American may be endowed with every personal quality calculated to inspire love, or excite admiration; a French woman may be infinitely her inferior, in this respect, but it will be found, after an hour spent in the company of both, that the impression left by the European is much the most strong and durable. No great fund of penetration is requisite to divine the cause of this difference. The one embellishes her attractions by her animating condescension, by the lively sallies of her wit, and the uncontrolled exercise of her fancy; her ease and vivacious gaiety insensibly extend to her hearer, and they thus feel the same pleasurable sensations with which she seems inspired. The other, by her cold reserve, and morose taciturnity, damps the convivial mirth, and checks the communicative disposition of those around her; her apathy becomes contagious, and the moments that seem to fly with one, create lassitude, dissatisfaction and disgust with the other. We may gaze, with enthusiasm, on the striking regularity of her features, the perfect symmetry of her form, and the beauty of her complexion, but we could wish that the rosy hue, which tinges her cheek, should be the blush of animation, and that her eyes should breathe the fire of her soul. A well finished statue of Praxiteles would awaken almost the same emotions, except a mingled sentiment of anger and regret, at the absence of the auxiliary which is essentially requisite to give to those estimable advantages their due effect. Whenever I see a female of this description, the subsequent lines of Piron, the author of a celebrated French comedy, always suggest themselves as highly characteristical,

Une idole du nord, une froide femelle,
Qui vondroit qu'on parlat, que l'on pensat pour elle;
Et, sans agir, sentir, craindre, ni desirer,
N'avoir que l'embarras d'etre et de respiser.

One who would wish us *not only to speak, but to think for her*. Were the poet now alive, we might almost suppose that he had travelled in America. I am far from being the advocate of forward assurance, or of stigmatizing a proper and decent reserve. The last, in my eye, is as truly meritorious, as the first is sincerely to be reprehended. I only reprobate the extreme, and extremes are always blameable. Aristotle places virtue in mediocrity, and propriety of conduct in the preservation of a just mien, however formidable may be the name of the stagyrite to the ladies, I would seriously advise them to keep in view, and reduce to practice this inimitable system of ethics—By deviating equally from a revolting indifference on the one hand, and unblushing effrontery on the other, from that pert loquacity, and an irksome laconism not unworthy of a Spartan, they will be instrumental in accomplishing a very desirable revolution in the fashionable world, will provide an effectual preservation against that careless incivility of the men, of which they so heavily compiain, and satisfy the most fervent wishes of their humble admirer,

FLORIAN.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRANSLATION OF AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, BY A SOCIETY OF LATIN WRITERS.

Cicero, Sallust, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Cornelius Nepos, Quintus Curtius, Aurelius Victor, Aulus Gellius, &c.

REIGN OF ROBESPIERRE.

Where is the province, where is the camp, that he has not polluted with blood and disgraced by cruelty, or, according to his own expression, purified and regenerated? For those actions,

which other men called crimes, he denominated measures of public safety. Thus, by perverting all language, cruelty he called severity, his own avarice, economy; the punishment and disgrace of the innocent, discipline, and the correction of government. Tacit. Histor. lib. 1. art. 37.

Hence all things were full of suspicions, and one could scarcely live without terror in the secret recesses of his family. Inquietude and trepidation was, however, more excessive in public. If Rumour reported any public news, the people studiously composed their minds and their countenances, lest they should suffer to appear the least doubt of the truth of prosperous events, or too little joy at success. Tacit. Histor. lib. 1. art. 85.

The condemned are shut up in prisons. Their execution is decreed. Their relations already feel all the horrors of it. Parents are forbidden to come near their sons; to bring them clothing or nourishment. These unfortunate fathers were seen lying down at the threshold of the door. These miserable mothers, all in tears, passed whole nights at the entry of the prison, cruelly excluded from the last embraces of their children; though they requested nothing more than to receive their expiring sighs from their lips. There stood the door-keeper of the dungeon, the hangman of the prætor, the terror and the scourge, both of allies and citizens, the lictor Sestius. He laid a tax on every tear and every groan. You must pay so much for leave to go in: so much for carrying meat or drink into the prison; no man or woman refused it. Cic. in Verrem, action 2. lib. 5. cap. 45. art. 118.

In a short time afterwards, the usurper, without consulting with the senate, or any of the magistrates, hung up a table of proscription, containing four score names. After an interval of only one day, he added two hundred, and the next day after, two hundred more. Tit. Liv. in Suppl. lib. 88. art. 21. The freedman Anicetus, [*Carrier*,] offers him an expedient. He shews him how a vessel may be constructed, part of which may be opened by a mechanical invention, (the sucker of a pump), and a whole cargo of prisoners sunk to the bottom, before they suspected any thing. Tacit. Annal. lib. 14. art. 3. Such examples of a cruel and tyrannical government, hitherto unheard of, excited universal indignation.

The pains of death were denounced against all who should receive or entertain proscribed persons; and no distinction was made between those who would save strangers, and those who should harbour their own relations. As they punished humanity, they rewarded cruelty and perfidy. Rewards were also proclaimed for all who should reveal the retreat of any one proscribed. Tit. Liv. in Suppl. lib. 88. art. 21, 22.

Nor was it in Rome only, but through the whole empire, that this furious tempest raged. All things, divine and human, were violated and polluted. Husbands were murdered in the arms of their wives, children in the bosoms of their mothers. The sacred asylums, the ceremonies and solemnities of the worship of the Gods, even their most retired and secret places afforded no protection against the rage of assassins. The number of those who perished from the revenge, malice, or hatred of the conqueror, was small in comparison with the multitude of those who were murdered for their riches. Their names were collected, by informers, in a catalogue, which the tyrant added to the table of proscription. Ibid. art. 23, 24.

The terror, in consequence of this, became more universal. No man knew what to do, or what to omit, in order to be safe. If you came near this list of death, you incurred the danger of your life for your curiosity; if you kept at a distance from it, you were accused of a secret indignation. If you asked any question concerning the names inscribed on it, it was because your conscience gave you a solicitude for yourself or your friends. If you stood near it, without uttering a word, you incurred the hatred of the banditti: your sad silence was an implicit condemnation of their actions. Many were murdered for a smile or a frown. Not a groan for a friend, nor a sign of joy for the fate of an enemy, escaped vegeance. A great number of persons fell victims to the errors of surnames. When the assassins happened not to know the persons proscribed, they attributed their names to others at their pleasure. Tit. Liv. in Suppl. art. 25, 26.

The women, themselves, were not exempted from the common danger. As they could not be suspected of ambition aspiring at government, they were accused for their tears. A mother was put to death, notwithstanding her great age, for weeping at the death of her son. Tacit. Annal. lib. 6. art. 10.

In the midst of these horrors, those appeared the least miserable who were dispatched suddenly by the assassins, without previous knowledge of their fate. Of those who, foreseeing their danger, had absconded, the life was most deplorable, and more intolerable than death itself, because they neither dared to escape, for fear of being apprehended, nor, in so great a terror of all men, when many were betrayed by their best friends, could they have any confidence in the security of their retreat. Tit. Liv. in Suppl. lib. 88. art. 27.

The fortunes of multitudes were cut off; and Terror brandished her sword over all. Tacit. Annal. lib. 3. art. 28.

TIMES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

Such terror seized on the Gauls, that, at the approaches of this army, all the inhabitants of the cities, with their magistrates, went out to meet them as suppliants. They presented their women and children prostrate before them. They employed every means of pacifying the rage of a public enemy, and, without being at war, with them, they petitioned for peace. Tacit. Histor. lib. 1. art. 63.

Those times were so infected, and degraded by sordid flattery, that it was not confined to the principal citizens, who sought a pardon for their grandeur, by an obsequious submission, but even the most silent and obscure senators rose up in competition which should utter sentiments the most exaggerated and disgusting. Tacit. Annal. lib. 3. art. 65.

Monster! you placed the statue of Liberty in that very house, which had been the scene of your most cruel domination, and had witnessed the most miserable servitude, the extreme abasement of the people. Cic. pro domo Suâ. cap. 42. art. 110.

The most fatal calamity of those horrid times was, that the first personages of the senate debased themselves to the meanest informers; some openly; many secretly. Your nearest relations could not be distinguished from the greatest strangers; your most intimate friends, from those whom you knew not. Every word was watched; every thing past was scrutinized. Whatever was said in public, or at table, on whatever subject, was denounced, and every one hastened to be the first to inform, and convict a criminal. Some became spies upon others to save themselves, many as if they were infected with an epidemical contagion. Tacit. Annal. lib. 6. art. 7.

What then is that power, O Decemvirs, which you so eagerly grasp? You will soon have nothing to govern but the walls and roofs of houses. Tit. Liv. lib. 3. art. 52.

(To be continued.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF SHAKSPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

ACT 3....SCENE 3.

This scene is replete with wit and humour. The simplicity of Audrey, the mortification of the Vicar, and the wit of Touchstone raise the frequent smile.

The clown says, "when a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded by the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead, than a great reckoning in a little room." Warburton observes, that "a great reckoning in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant," and hence the high humour of the expression. The knowledge of human nature displayed in it, will be recognized by him, who has heard a witty speech pronounced in company, and not understood, in which situation the speaker is not much to be envied.

Without admitting or denying that wedlock, if it be solemnized in church, will prevent the *warping* of which Jaques speaks, we cannot refrain from smiling at his wit.

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together, as they join wainscoat; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

We do not know whether Jaques had another object in his expression, than merely to shoot his wit. The "green timber" seems to imply a covert censure on hasty marriages, where the time is too short to afford a knowledge of each other's disposition. Touchtsone's reply, (spoken aside), will make the student smile even in his closet.

Touchstone (aside). I am not of the mind but I were better to be married of him, than of another:—for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

The mortification of the Vicar is natural—

Sir Oliver. 'Tis no matter—Ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

Act 3....*Scene* 4.

In this scene, the doubt and anxiety of a woman in love, her practice of questioning the attachment of her lover, before those who, she hopes and expects, will dissipate her suspicions, and her mortification and uneasiness, when the language of her confidant seems to confirm them, are natural; and remind us of the art of authors, who censure their own performances that they may be praised.

The similies of Shakspeare are always drawn from nature; and, therefore, although he speaks of customs existing in his day, he always selects those customs which arise from the inherent nature of man, not those, which are merely local, and appear and vanish, like the progeny of Banquo, in the cave of the witches. The following similie is as correct now, as it was in the days of Shakspeare, and will forever be correct, while men drink to intoxication, and want recollection to aid them in disputing the reckoning of their host.

Celia. The oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings.

Act 3....*Scene* 5.

The commencement of this scene is exquisitely drawn. It paints in natural and in glowing colours the humility of the lover, when the feeble beams of hope are expiring, and when the appeal to

pity is made to prevent a final and a harsh refusal. It shews also the hyperbolical language of love, and how well people can talk, even when they do not believe what they are speaking.

Sylvius. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe,
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies, and lives by bloody drops?
Phebe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee;
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers—
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps! but now mine eyes,
While I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.
Sylvius. Oh, dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near),
You meet in some fresh cheek the pow'r of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible,
That Love's keen arrows make.

The following passage contains a ludicrous similie, in which sighs and tears are compared to wind and rain—

Rosa. You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?

and the ensuing, a sound maxim, by which, however, the lover will not profit—

Rosa. You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favoured children;
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her.

In the following line, Shakspeare hazards a doctrine, which is rather equivocal, but which cannot be refuted, till it be settled, what he meant by *love*—

Phebe. Whoever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

The observation of Sylvius is beautiful, and contains a faithful portrait of some lovers—

Sylvius. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps—loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

The concluding lines of this act contain a natural attempt of a lover to heal his wounded pride by censure, and to conceal from himself his own love.

Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty—
But sure he's proud—and yet his pride becomes him—
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall—yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so, so—and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek—'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Sylvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not—and yet
I have more cause to hate him, than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am remembered, scorn'd at me,
I marvel, why I answered not again—
But that's all one—omittance is not quittance.

In this passage we perceive a natural representation of some minds. When they are in love, the cool treatment which they experience from their mistresses does not draw from them constant and harsh reproaches, because they have hopes, however feeble, of succeeding in their suit. But when hope is flown, their censure and reproach is proportionate to their former ardency of attachment; for bitter hatred and ardent love are oft times very nearly allied.

(*To be continued.*)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN EDINBURGH, TO HIS FRIEND IN PHILADELPHIA.

[The ensuing epistle, descriptive of the emotions, excited by Highland scenery, and by the recollection of the cruel and unjust punishment of one of the most amiable of the STUARTS, by one of the most hypocritical of the Tudor's, will please our readers, when they are informed that it is the production of a young *American*, who, at this season of democracy, faction, vice, and folly, at home, wisely chooses to remain abroad, and, at the Scottish capital, that nurse of Genius, to study the best models of composition and taste, to consort with men of letters, and to cultivate the finest dispositions of his mind.]

Edinburgh, January 28, 1803.

The season was so far advanced before my engagements permitted of my conveniently leaving Edinburgh, that the design I formerly expressed of visiting the Highlands and Western Isles, was imperfectly executed. After penetrating some distance into the mountainous country, I feared, from the unremitting rains which prevailed, that it would be impossible to prosecute the excursion with the prospect either of advantage or pleasure. Yet, being unwilling that my views should be entirely frustrated, I determined to proceed southerly, hoping to meet with more favourable weather, and that the tour would be sufficiently interesting to reward the trouble and expense to which it might subject me. In these expectations I was not disappointed. The southern extremity of Scotland is almost unequalled in the excellence of its agricultural and ornamental improvements, possessing, too, much of the bold and picturesque beauty, which so remarkably distinguish the Highland scenery, and, being the principal residence of the nobility it is more interspersed with villas, and other artificial decorations. In the unsettled period of its history, it was, from the proximity to England, the constant theatre of warfare, and you will readily suppose that many vestiges still exist, which attest it. Often your attention will be directed, with exultation, by your guide, (some humble peasant), to a field rendered memorable by the distinguished achievements of a Wallace, a Bruce, or a Douglass. It was here I had pointed out to me the place where the unfortunate Mary was defeated by her rebellious subjects, when she fled into England, to shelter herself under the invited protection of the wily and treacherous Elizabeth.

He who is disposed to indulge the train of melancholy reflections that arise from the contemplation of ancient ruins, will be amply supplied with matter, in the remains of a castle, a cathedral, or a palace. I confess, but perhaps it is owing to my saturnine temper, that I view with more delight the irregular heap of an old ruin, than the most stately edifice of recent erection. Even the rude tumulus piled over the exuviæ of a favourite chieftain, by the unchaste hands of barbarous ignorance, excites in me sensations that I do not feel in beholding the finest monument of a modern Abbey. These ruins are rendered more curious as being connected with some of the principal events in the history of the country, and as having furnished the themes of its tales and minstrelsy. Who can behold the mouldering pile of Craig Millar Castle, the favourite residence of the much injured Mary, but with the strongest emotions? Instantly we associate her melancholy story—recall to recollection her imprisonment there—sympathize with her sufferings—and mourn over her ultimate fate. Who has the apathy not to be fired with curiosity in entering the venerable castle, so intimately connected with the plot of the finest dramatic poem in any language?—I need not say, that I allude to Macbeth.

But antiquities of a remoter date than those I have mentioned, are equally discernible. The vestiges of Roman and Danish camps, and the remains of monuments and other erections, are numerously scattered throughout the country. These are easily distinguishable from each other, by the peculiarity of construction and architecture. The celebrated wall, extending across the island, which was raised by Agricola, to protect his conquests against the incursions of the barbarous natives, I saw very distinctly in several places.——But whither am I wandering? I fear that I have already exhausted your patience by a description which can only be relished by a gloomy and saddened mind—The objects that have entered into my description, perhaps, become interesting only when actually inspected. Why did I resort to the rubbish of antiquity to fill the pages of my letter? I felt dejected—and here been insensibly led into the detail of a subject, which harmonized with my feelings.

The present political state of Europe, I suppose, is contemplated with a very lively concern, by every American politician. I shall, however, be very short on this subject, as little recently has occurred deserving of your attention. Since the government of this country assumed a firm and dignified attitude, the general alarm, which prevailed at the ambitious designs of Bonaparte, seems much to have subsided. But the various interests and relations are in a state too unsettled to promise a long continuance of peace to Europe. England still keeps possession of Egypt and Malta. It is said that a negociation is now pending with respect to these retentions, and that the British Envoy has declared they will not be relinquished, until Malta is properly guaranted, and an engagement obtained that no troops shall be sent into the Mediterranean, by the French government. Bonaparte, so far from assenting to this requisition, denies the right of making it, as no such provision is recognized by the treaty of peace—a treaty that he has violated by taking possession of Piedmont; assuming the supremacy of the Italian republic; by the occupancy of Louisiana, and lastly, by his interferance in the affairs of Switzerland.

Before I conclude, I must mention to you some interesting publications, that have lately appeared, or that are announced for publication. Among these is a work, by the celebrated *Neckar*, entitled, 'Last Views,' comprehending political and financial considerations. In the political part he has considered the present circumstances of France, and concludes by drawing up a republican constitution, which he thinks, under all circumstances, best adapted to her. This work is extremely interesting, and, if an opportunity presents, I will certainly send it, together with some other books, to you. If, however, it has reached you, do not omit reading it, as it contains many novelties, and I consider very striking improvements in polity.—I would designate these, but my paper is too nearly exhausted.

Dr. Darwin's posthumous poem, the 'Temple of Nature,' will appear in a few days. I have

read some extracts from it, which had the characteristics of his other poetry—smooth, correct versification. I fear that it is like his Phytologia, manufactured of such scraps, and heterogeneous materials, as he could not introduce in his Zoonomia and Botanic Garden. This, however, is only a gratuitous assertion, as I have heard no character whatever of the poem. The celebrated De Lille has announced a poem, nearly on a similar subject, 'the Three Kingdoms of Nature.' From the distinguished talents of the author, very high expectations are excited. *Godwin* is just about giving to the public a voluminous life of Chaucer, the poet, in which he considers the state of manners and literature of the time, including also notices of the most distinguished personages of that age. This work, if well executed, will be a great acquisition to literature. But, I am told, in exposing the vices and corruptions of the clergy, of that day, he has disguised an attack on all religious establishments. I shall only mention to you another work, which is a Review, that appears quarterly in Edinburgh, of great merit, and conducted by a set of young men, with the most of whom I am particularly acquainted. If you should see these numbers, read with attention the review of Dr. Heberden's work, and tell me what you think of it. If you approve of it, I will then inform you by whom it was executed.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extract of a letter from a young gentleman in Paris to his friend in Philadelphia.

I saw yesterday, Buonaparte, the greatest man that ever lived; or, (as meteors don't appear annually) that probably will live, for a great number of years to come. I think all who advert to his situation, will allow me warranted in my position; for he is first in the first nation on earth; not only first, but a nation, against which, there are but two, which can make any head: and these are saved from annihilation, the one by distance, and the other, by her insular defence....a nation, at whose feet the coalesced world are humbled, when Rome was in her zenith, Germany and Prussia were a forest, Russia trackless, and Great Britain and France half-armed colonies of savages. Now, the rich and civilized dominions of Italy, Switzerland and Holland, are melted down into the French republic. This gigantic power scares any single antagonist; and her enemies know, to their sorrow, that their only hopes of success are in alliance, and that any single opposer must be crushed beneath her. Even England would be rash to stand single, and Russia would, perhaps, be hazarding her capital.

Yesterday (Sunday) was the review day. About five thousand foot, and as many horse, marched before the consul, in the front of the Thuilleries, between ten and eleven. With some little difficulty, my strongest friend being a six livre piece, I got a seat at the window of the palace, to the left of the entrance. At half past twelve the consul mounted the most beautiful white charger I ever saw: he does not altogether correspond with the accounts generally given of him, having a very thin, sallow face, and being very small; people are disposed to make him even smaller than he is. I should take him to be about five feet four, our measure; and here I contradict a great many; lusty for his height; his forehead high, eyes small, his nose straight and handsome, his cheek bones sharp, cheeks lantern, mouth prominent, his hair almost black, and cropped, chest very large, and he holds himself extremely well; his thigh and leg are large and well made, nose very much like Mr.....'s, though the expression of his countenance is totally different; his cheeks sink, and his mouth projects.

I think the character of his face rather good than otherwise; his skin is very dark; I should rather call him handsome, and nobody could make him ugly; he looks very young, has no whiskers, and, I should suppose, but little beard. The corps of Mamelukes usually make a part of his parade....yesterday he was attended by one, who is constantly attached to his person, and who was splendidly habited in the costume of his country, and mounted on a white horse, which, from its size and shape, I have no doubt is Arabian, as is, indeed, I presume, the first consul's. His stirrups were gold, his saddle wonderfully rich, and the saddle-cloth of scarlet, over-laid with embroidery; he was attended by ten or twelve, in the uniform of generals: whether they were so, or only his aids, I don't know; from these, who were most gorgeously apparalled, he was sufficiently distinguished by his dress, which was a blue coat, turned up with white, two plain epaulets, a small, cocked hat, without a feather, white pantaloons, and long, black boots. Two of the officers preceded, and the others rode behind him: in this way, he rode along the files, which were double, and five deep, the whole extent of the area before the palace. The men were dressed to the right, and he moved to the left; he stopped before the thirty-second, who were with him in Egypt, called a soldier from the ranks, and spoke to him, during some minutes. How easy is it for a great man to secure attachment! I dare say, the private, who was thus publicly honoured, will remember it, with heart-felt gratitude, forever. He pulled off his hat, and bowed very gracefully, when he passed the different colours; some of which were shot away to rags, in the service they had seen. After having, in this way, rode slowly through the ranks of the foot, he went, in the same way, through the cavalry, who were ranged in the large, open space, without the inclosure. Having finished the inspection, he came up to the palace, and stood before the door, surrounded by his officers, while the troops passed in review before him. I was within twenty yards of him, and had a good view of him: during the passing of the battallions, petitions were presented; he received them himself, generally spoke with the petitioners, and handed the papers, unopened, to the officer on his left....the parade was very fine....the foot moved in files of 3, 30 men to a file. The men were picked and sized, and marched and looked wonderfully well. The horse sans cart, the heavy horse, the chasseurs, the flying artillery, the gens d'armes, first on foot, then on horseback. Among the rest was a large body (near a thousand) of cuirassiers, men in armour, a very late thing, but which, I am surprized has not been done long ago, as their coats of mail would turn any sabre, and almost any pistol bullet.

The flying artillery are a great conception.... six horses and three riders are before each cannon, so that they move with amazing expedition. The youth, strength, and martial appearance of the men, together with their well adapted dresses, gave them a fine effect. The consul sits his horse very well, and, except that his stirrups are too short, rides well. The chasseurs, commanded by Beauharnois, madame Bonaparte's son or brother, (I believe her son), are a beautiful body, and, to be sure, most splendidly accoutred, the horses, too, are good.

About a week ago I visited an immense establishment, for the manufacture of looking-glasses; and, except the blowing, which is done out of Paris, saw the whole process: the polishing, which is the principal labour, and the attaching the tin foil and quick-silver. There are eight hundred persons always employed in the manufactory; to rub off the roughness employs, for a moderately large piece of glass, say 4 feet square, one man a month, and the duty is very laborious; to give it the perfect surface is an operation of another month for a man. The quick-silvering is done in a few hours. The largest piece ever made, at this manufactory, was 11, French feet, by 7, near 12 by 8 of ours. After the piece reaches a certain size every inch of extent doubles the price of it. This large one I am speaking of employed three men, near three months, to take off the excrescences, and afterwards three months more to polish it. When all this is done, the liability to flaws and breakings is such that they are not unfrequently obliged to cut the glass into two, which diminishes its value an hundred fold. I think I saw glass enough to cover Chesnut-street entirely from Sixth to Delaware.

EPISTOLARY.

[The following letter excites a strong interest. It is full of judicious matter, and the workman has not disgraced his materials. The author's picture of himself will cause a smile, as he has borrowed his pencil from the school of Caricature. The hints on education, which were afterwards expanded to a treatise, deserve peculiar regard, as they are suggested by one, who to accurate theory, had added actual observation, and who was a scholar, a pilgrim, and a preceptor. The manner in which his filial feelings are expressed will raise the sympathy of those who remember the assiduity of maternal affection, and the merry poetry, at the close of the article, will be pronounced a just description, by all who have refreshed themselves at a country inn, and gazed at its rude garniture, while dinner was dressing, and the landlord loquacious.

It will be perceived that the Clergyman, to whom this letter is addressed, is the Poet's brother, to whom he dedicated "the Traveller," in a style of elegance, good sense, and affection, such as every man of taste and sentiment will remember and admire. In that far-famed poem the wandering poet thus charmingly apostrophizes the domestic priest—

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be the spot where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair.
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest, or pranks, that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.]

ORIGINAL LETTER.

To the Reverend HENRY GOLDSMITH, at Lowfield, near Ballymore, in Westmeath, Ireland.

DEAR SIR,

Your punctuality in answering a man, whose trade is writing, is more than I had reason to expect, and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behaviour of Mr. Mills and Mr. Lawder is a little extraordinary. However, their not answering neither you, nor me, is a sufficient indication of their disliking the employment, which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I had expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall, the beginning of next month, send over two hundred and fifty *books, which are all that I fancy can be sold among you, and I would have you make some distinction in the persons who have subscribed. The money, which will amount to sixty pounds, may be left with Mr. Bradley, as soon as possible. I am not certain, but I shall quickly have occasion for it.

* His book on The Present State of Polite Literature in Europe; subscription price 5s.

I have met with no disappointment, respecting my East-India voyage, nor are my resolutions altered; though, at the same time, I must confess, it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness, since I saw you, yet I am not that strong active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish and study have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say, that if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority.† Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eye brows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, of those who knew you a child. Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool, designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour.* I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink, have contracted an hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn, that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place, and every country, but that in which we reside? For every occupation, but our own? This desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am at intervals for indulging this splenetic manner, and follow my own taste regardless of yours.

The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son a scholar, are judicious and convincing. I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous, and divested of strong passions, (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure), he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him, except your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, Arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking. And these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will. Above all things, let him never touch a romance or novel; those paint beauty in colours more charming than nature; and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss. They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good, which Fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and, in general, take the word of a man, who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept; take my word for it, I say, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous, may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach then, my dear sir, to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example, be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the insidious approaches of cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch, who thanked me for my bounty. When I am in the remotest part of the world tell him this, and, perhaps, he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

My mother, I am informed, is almost blind; even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not: for to behold her in distress, without a capacity of relieving her from it, would add much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short, it should have answered some queries I had made in my former. Just sit down, as I do, and write forward till you have filled all your paper; it requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise, when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton, and intreat him, from me, not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny.* Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

I know not whether I should tell you, yet why should I conceal those trifles, or indeed any thing from you? There is a book of mine will be published in a few days, the life of a very extraordinary man, no less than the great Voltaire. You know already, by the title, that it is no more than a catchpenny. However, I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When published I shall take some method of conveying it to you, unless you may think it dear of the postage, which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear you will not find an equivalent of amusement. Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short; you should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroi-comical poem, which I sent you: you remember I intended to introduce the hero of the poem, as lying in a paltry ale-house. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which, I flatter myself, is quite original. The room, in which he lies, may be described somewhat in this way—

The windows patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That feebly shew'd the state in which he lay,
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread,
The game of goose was there expos'd to view,
And the twelve rules the Royal Martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And Prussia's Monarch shew'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold, he views, with keen desire,
A rusty grate, unconscious of a fire,
An unpaid reckoning on the freize was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea cups dress'd the chimney board.

and now imagine, after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning—

Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger, who can pay,
With sulky eye he smok'd the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began.

All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaigne's that the wisest men often have friends, with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of regard. Poetry is a much easier and more agreeable composition than prose, and could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet. I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up only by telling you what you very well know already, I mean that I am,

Your most affectionate friend and brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

† This picture of Goldsmith is drawn by an honest, though by no means a flattering limner. Every conceptative man, however, soon shares in this homeliness of aspect of which Goldsmith is querelous. If anxiety co-operate with study, the roses of health will inevitably fade, and untimely snow will blanch the hair. He, who thinks intensely, or reads or writes copiously, will soon perceive that "much study is weariness of the flesh."

* This is all *gratis dictum*, for there never was a character so unguarded and so unsuspicious as the writer's.

* His youngest sister, who had married unfortunately.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

[The following is a translation of the celebrated Oration upon *the civic character of Socrates*, delivered by Mr. John Luzac, at the expiration of his term as Rector Magnificus, at the University of Leyden. The author is one of the most learned men of his age; during the whole period of the American Revolution, he was among the most zealous and useful friends to the cause of this country in the European world. He was for many years editor of the Leyden Gazette, a newspaper more extensively circulated than any other in Europe. This paper was of essential service to the United States, by the just and important information which it contained concerning them, and by counteracting those misrepresentations which their enemies were continually endeavouring to spread abroad, to injure them in the estimation of other nations.

While the Government of the United Provinces was under the ascendency of the House of Orange, Mr. Luzac was in sentiment and conduct a patriot; as such he was subjected to many persecutions; but being a man of virtue and judgment, as well as of learning, he disapproved at a very early period, both the principles and the proceedings of the French Revolution. He became obnoxious therefore to those leaders of faction in his country, who like the *thirty* in Athens, submitted to be the instruments of a foreign tyranny over their own fellow-citizens. This Oration was delivered on the 21st of February, 1795, when there was a French army of 60,000 men in the United Provinces, and a proportion of them in the very city where it was pronounced.]

AN ORATION,

ON THE CHARACTER OF *SOCRATES* AS A CITIZEN,

DELIVERED AT LEYDEN, 21st FEBRUARY, 1795,

BY JOHN LUZAC,

(Professor of the Greek Language and History at that University) on his retiring from the office of Rector Magnificus, or President.*

My benevolent hearers,
of whatever age, nation, or country,

Nature, by an invariable and universal law, has established a striking dissimilitude between individual objects of the same kind; no one branch; nay, not a leaf can be found, like any other, on the same tree; and in like manner, it was observed even by the antients, that still greater varieties exist in the forms of mind. Amid the innumerable multitudes of mankind, the profound wisdom of the Creator has fixed upon every face a separate mark, to stamp as it were the image of the soul; and so great is the diversity of intellect even among those engaged in the same pursuits, that as it has justly been said,

The tone and hue of every mind,
To its own mould is still confin'd.

* The Rector Magnificus at Leyden, is chosen annually, from among the Professors.

True, as this universally is, it may more especially be affirmed of those who cultivate elegant literature, and the classical treasures of antiquity.

Figure to yourselves a man, delighting from his earliest youth in these pursuits; not from an empty curiosity to overload rather than adorn the memory, with the accumulated examples of ages past, but stimulated with the desire of collecting from them, precepts for the government of life, and the more perfect performance of all the social duties. Suppose such a man to have fallen upon times, when the minds of his countrymen, alienated from one another, should be divided between hostile parties, and daily festering into rancour. Finding it impossible, at once to persevere steady to his purpose, and steer his course clear from all the rocks of these animosities, the ruling passion of such a man's mind, must unavoidably impel him to compare present times with antiquity, and to employ the only true, the only unerring species of divination; the foresight of futurity from the knowledge of the past. We must all submit to the dictates of nature: it is impossible but that a mind, thus formed and from infancy thus tutored, should continually be sliding however reluctant, into the same train of thought, however painful; impossible, but that amidst the calamities of his country, perhaps amidst his private distresses and afflictions, he should sometimes find a solace in the recollection, that nothing now happens, but what has long since happened before. Suppose further, the same man, ardent with zeal for the public welfare, but from natural disposition, cherishing above all other endowments the sentiments of humanity; unwilling to offend any man; anxious to perform all the duties of life uncontaminated by the taint of faction; detesting every bad citizen, but never departing from that perpetual law of kindness, which nothing in human events ought ever to controul or impair: here again, he cannot chuse, but recur to those antient examples, which during the convulsions of his country, may guide him in uncertainty, relieve him in perplexity, support him in dejection, and cheer him at the verge of despair. He will assiduously seek, not for a *Theramenes*, now the cringing courtier of the great, and now the fawning sycophant of the multitude; at this moment the tool of tyranny, and at the next, the reviler of tyrants; shuffling through life, a glove for either hand, and leaving in his character a problem of honour or of infamy, to posterity. No! he will summon from antiquity, a man of no temporizing genius; no slave to fortune; but one who amidst the hurricanes of civil discord, held over a rocky ocean his firm and steady course, guided by his own judgment: rigorously devoted to the cause of justice, ever true to her banners, and never yielding himself, without reserve, the servile instrument, even of the wishes of his fellow-citizens.

For my own part, indulgent hearers, revolving in mind the records of antiquity, (for why should I deny that amid these convulsions of our country, which we now witness. I often seek consolation in such meditations) my attention is chiefly called to two men of very different condition and fortune, but blest alike with that wisdom which amid the prevailing corruption of morals and the ruin of their country, directed them to keep aloof from all the paths of ambition, and all the sources of discord; to preserve themselves pure from every base compliance with the times, while under the profligate ambition of a few, and the delirium of all, freedom was bleeding at every vein, to meet and endure with placid moderation all the occurrences of life; and convinced that the only object to be shunned was vice, to cultivate the friendship and intercourse of the best men of all parties. One of these men, Titus Pomponius Atticus, truly thought the waves of civil commotion, no more in the power of those who launch upon them than the waves of the ocean. In the bosom of peace, of contentment and of virtue, he therefore lived for himself, for his studies and for his friends, bestowing numerous benefits; assisting multitudes by his services, by his purse, and with his advice; far from existing as an useless burden upon earth, he has left a name and character coeval with the fame of Hortensius, of Cicero, and of Cæsar, with whom he lived in the closest intimacy.

Should it however be thought that the duties of a good citizen, are better, and more completely fulfilled by him, who in the perturbations of civil discord, instead of withdrawing from the tumult, bends with firm and steady mind all his energies to restore by admonition, by precept and by counsel, banished harmony to his native land; by him who, instead of retiring to preserve his dignity and tranquillity, to distant lands, far from his unhappy country, exhibits at the hazard of his life, amidst all the violence of popular madness, civic virtue in her brightest form; if finally a life altogether devoted to the public service be preferable to the comforts of elegant leisure within the walls of domestic retirement, then surely must Titus Pomponius Atticus remain far behind him, who once fell a victim to the calumnies of that constant attendant upon virtue, envy; who received from his country *the hemlock*, in reward for his services; but who, two thousand years afterwards, is venerated by every living friend of truth, as he was pronounced by the Delphian Oracle, not only the wisest, but beyond all comparison, the best of mortal men.

Ten years, my hearers, have elapsed, since I attempted from this spot, to prove that "*Learning is the nurse of true civic virtue**." Suffer me now to offer you an example how that learning should be applied, in seeking from antiquity the most perfect models for imitation; indulge me in a few observations upon the *civic character of Socrates.*

(To be continued.)

* In his inaugural Oration, as professor of the Greek Language and History.

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Review of a pamphlet, entitled, The Missisippi question fairly stated, and the views and arguments of those who clamour for war examined. In seven letters, originally written for publication in the Aurora, at Philadelphia. By Camillus. Philadelphia, printed by William Duane, 1803. p. p. 48.

In proportion as it was the interest of the United States, "to preserve the authority of Spain over her American territory," is the transfer of that dominion to another foreign power, injurious and intolerable. The violation of our treaty might have been the pretext, but the cession of Louisiana, without our consent, should have been the real cause, for seizing at once, upon New Orleans and the Floridas. Measures of this stamp would have insured permanent peace to our country. Had Spain remonstrated, or threatened, she might have been told, you have voluntarily transferred your authority, over this territory, to other hands, and the United States no longer regard you as their neighbour. We have turned you out of possession, rather before your lease expired, because it came to our knowledge, *accidentally*, that you had sold the remainder of your term, to tenants of a dangerous and troublesome character; with them, not you, must the title be tried. If language like this should have failed to silence her clamours; the worst that could have happened would have been to try the right by "*wager of battle*," and whatever sneers Camillus may chuse to indulge, against the "toilette heroes and fire-side politicians" of Philadelphia; he and his nation might easily be persuaded that the sturdy riflemen of Kentucky, in a contest with the *Dons*, would not be the *first* to pronounce "the terrible word *craven*." But there is little reason to think that war with Spain would have ensued this conduct on the part of the United States; why should she contend for a province which she had already sold or given away? With the right of property, was transferred all disputes on account of title, and the most operative motive with Spain for parting with it, probably, was to extricate herself from the embarrassment of future contention with the United States.

It is insinuated by Camillus, in his seventh letter, that it was in the power of the government of the United States, at one period, during the late war, to have obtained from Spain the peaceable and legitimate cession of the province of Louisiana, *had the administration of that day thought "the possession worthy of the honest price of a real and dignified neutrality."*

The whole passage, on this subject, deserves to be transcribed, as it discloses some facts, which are not known to the generality of the American public; nor could they have been so familiar to Camillus, had he not possessed means of information, much more authentic and of higher authority than "Mr. Munroe's View, or the reply of M. Carnot." Treating of "the *reported* cession of Louisiana," he proceeds thus—"That the cession or exchange of that vast colony, has been in agitation for many years past, is very well known.

"In Mr. Munroe's View, p. 361, it will be found noticed, as part of a dispatch to our government, so early as August 1796. In the reply of Carnot, to his calumniators, the subject is also touched; and in other places of *less* authoritative weight. But notwithstanding these facts, *it does not appear, that the point has ever been finally determined or adjusted between France and Spain.* During the war, and while Mr. Munroe resided at Paris, there is the best ground for a belief, that had our administration been solicitous on the subject, and seized with address, or the expansive sagacity of statesmen, upon the occasion, we might have obtained, not only the Floridas and the island of New-Orleans, but the complete sovereignty of Louisiana, so as to possess the whole river, *within our undivided possession.*—Perhaps it is one of the most powerful arguments that can be employed against the mad rage for war, that our administration, of that day, did not think the possession worthy of the honest pride of a real and dignified neutrality." Language like this from a Spaniard, is something novel; French-men were so accustomed to employ it, to our foreign envoys, at one period of the late war, (before the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain, had destroyed all hope, that we could be brought to side with France,) that it grew into a habit. Promises the most splendid and captivating, and volunteer tenders of the most disinterested services, were made by influential officers of the French government, to Mr. Monroe, in particular, who had the good nature or (to use a familiar French phrase) the bon-hommie, to believe them sincere, and, therefore, made them "a part of his dispatches to our government." As the price of such a neutrality as they were pleased to denominate "real and dignified," which is since well understood to have signified, nothing less than hostility to England, the public agents of the United States abroad, were offered the mediation and the influence of the French government to obtain from Spain a complete cession of Louisiana and the Floridas; and, as if their generosity knew no bounds, they undertook to make peace for us, with Algiers,

and the other Barbary states, with whom we were then at war. Fortunately for the prosperity and welfare of our country, "the administration of that day," saw and avoided the snare which French cunning had laid for them. The insidiousness and insincerity, which invented the artifice, were discerned, and it soon became notorious to the French government, that although *a veil of gauze* was thick enough to blind the envoy of the United States, the penetrating optics of his employers were not so easily obscured. From this moment, that conviction had fastened on the minds of our once magnanimous allies, the French, that we were not to duped by their diplomacy, the transition to inveterate hatred and active hostility was extremely rapid, and the extent of their subsequent resentment against the government of the United States, is known to all the world.

The government of the United States, notwithstanding the round assertion of Camillus, *never* had it in their power to accept or to reject the territory, which Spain possessed on the American continent. French influence must have been, even more efficacious than it ever has been, in the Spanish cabinet, to have procured a renunciation of such important possessions, in favour of a third power, who had nothing to give in exchange. The imperious mandate of a French general, at the head of a victorious and advancing army, once operated upon Spanish nerves with surprising and almost instantaneous effect, but the United States possessed not such powerful aids, for the advancement of their negociation, with the Spanish government.

The wisdom and knowledge of Camillus is not to be questioned when he proclaims events which have taken place in his own country; he must, therefore, be believed when he assures us, "that only about two years ago, Louisiana was a subject of undecided negociation between Spain and France, and that the journey of Berthier, (the Mentor of the first Consul) to Madrid, had, among other things, that object in view." We are not told whether *Mentor* Berthier was successful in his mission or not, but we may reasonably conclude that *Telemachus* Buonaparte, would have listened no longer to his counsels, had he returned home, without effecting his object. If I rightly remember, it was *Mentor Carnot*, who first gave the hint, that the possession of Louisiana by France, would be a very clever thing, and the reason he assigned for his opinion was, that it would "become the means of procuring to France a *vast influence over the United States of America.*" Camillus, on the other hand, most carefully avoids giving any such alarming reasons for his opinions. "The superabundant population of the French EMPIRE, creates the necessity for their sending colonies to some portion of the earth, and in consequence of the failure of the colonizing project in Egypt, Talleyrand, with whom it is said to have originated, turned his attention towards a country, which offering an immense field for colonization, would also enable the French to subdue and keep in subjection, the revolted but important island of St. Domingo." This is not the exact order of Camillus's remarks, but the sense is not at all perverted by the transpostion. Not a word do we find here of Carnot's scheme of *Republicanizing* Louisiana, and erecting the standard of a rival dominion on the American territory. No, no, the French only want to possess the Floridas and New Orleans, for the purpose of stocking them with the superfluous population of the *French empire*. Good mentor Camillus, be so obliging in your next dispatch to his Catholic Majesty's minister for foreign affairs, to inform him, that bad as the conduct of his fellow-subjects has been, of late, towards the people of the United States, and meanly as they think of their national character, if a choice must be made between them and Frenchmen for neighbours, the preference is decidedly in favor of the Spaniards; for this simple, but obvious reason, that the United States never wish to see the province of Louisiana *republicanized, but by the gradual emigration of their own citizens.*

In the course of this review, verbal criticism has been altogeter omitted. There is room for abundant strictures upon the mode of expression, which Camillus has employed, in a variety of instances, some of which might induce a belief that the letters were not originally written *in English*. The following passage is transcribed as a specimen.

"In the present session of Congress, the president submitted to that body the *bold* and *inappreciable* plan for constructing *dry-docks*, the design of which was to preserve our navy in readiness and security. But, on that occasion, the *public saw* the *Easterm men*, those *brawlers* for naval force, oppose and defeat the design. *Then it was* that the spirit of avarice and jobbing *displayed itself*, and unfolded the true spirit of those, *who so long have professed to seek* a navy for public uses. *Then it was seen*, that it was not a navy, but local profit that was sought. *Maine struggled for superiority over Rhode-Island, and Massachusetts wrestled with New-York*," &c.

Whether this *heroic* idiom be Gallic or Castilian I shall not undertake to decide; but that it is not English, I affirm with confidence. To such as have a knowledge of the *French* language, this style and idiom is familiar, and the interpretation of *two* words, in the above passage is sufficient to indicate a French original. The words I allude to, are *brawlers*, which, in French, is *claubaudeurs*, and more frequently used in that language than brawlers is in English; the other word is *wrestled*, in French *lutta*, from *lutter*, to wrestle, and though pure scriptural English is rarely used by English writers. These examples may suffice, since my object is not to *split hairs* with Camillus.

In conclusion I have only further to add, that the *nonsense* and *absurdity* of Camillus's doctrines, on the subject of the militia, standing army, and permanent navy, are a perfect shield against an attack from any Federal pen. Such a creed as he professes will make but few proselytes, and the bare profession of it can do no harm; for Mr. Jefferson assures us that even "error may be tolerated, where reason is left to combat it."

PUBLIUS.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. COOPER, the Tragedian, who incited by a generous ambition to succeed Kemble at Drury-lane, thought proper, last winter, to exchange the American for the British stage, has made his theatrical *debut* in the arduous character of HAMLET. The adroitness, with which he acquitted himself in this task of singular difficulty, the popularity he gained, and above all, the flattering anticipation of his future success, and the generous candour of London criticism are indicated in the ensuing article from one of the daily journals.

"The principal attraction of the evening was that of Mr. COOPER, who has for some years shone the ROSCIUS of the American stage. His acting throughout was of the *most dignified and impressive kind*, particularly in the scenes which call for the stronger workings of passion. In his soliloquies, we think Mr. C. greatly successful. In the termination of the play scene, by giving less bustle than some late favorites, he did not make the same impression on the audience as he did on almost every other occasion; but he seems to have chosen his own manner, from a persuasion that he is right. In meeting the ghost, he appears rather fixed with terror than thrown by its operation into a convulsive start. Respecting these little deviations from common usage, the audience seemed rather to hesitate in deciding than to withhold their applause. The figure of Mr. Cooper is well formed, his deportment is graceful, his face is expressive, and his voice is full-toned and of extensive compass. We *have no doubt of his becoming a great favorite with the town.* The theatre was numerously attended." [*Lond. paper.*

—

A new Comedy, called *John Bull*, or *an Englishman's Fire-side*, written by Mr. COLMAN, was performed at Covent Garden theatre, March 5th, with great success. It is mentioned as possessing, in an eminent degree, the requisites for exciting laughter, and was received with unbounded applause. The epilogue, consisting of a string of epigrams and bulls, appropriate to the comedy, was delivered in a novel style, being sung in the character of an Irishman, by Mr. Johnstone.

—

A democracy is scarcely tolerable at any period of national history. Its omens are always sinister, and its powers are unpropitious. With all the lights of experience, blazing before our eyes, it is impossible not to discern the futility of this form of government. It was weak and wicked in Athens. It was bad in Sparta, and worse in Rome. It has been tried in France, and has terminated in despotism. It was tried in England, and rejected with the utmost loathing and abhorrence. It is on its trial here, and the issue will be civil war, desolation, and anarchy. No wise man but discerns its imperfections, no good man but shudders at its miseries, no honest man but proclaims its fraud, and no brave man but draws his sword against its force. The institution of a scheme of polity, so radically contemptible and vicious, is a memorable example of what the villiany of some men can devise, the folly of others receive, and both establish, in despite of reason, reflection and sensation.

—

Of a new tragedy, lately acted with no very lively applause, at one of the London theatres, a wit, remarks that most of the dramatis personæ were *Monks*, a *Roman Catholic* country was the scene, and the audience might be truly said to be in *purgatory*.

—

Mr. Close, of London, has made a variety of experiments in order to ascertain the best method of making ink, which shall not be discharged by time or chemical processes; as the result of his enquiries, he recommends for black ink; "Oil of lavender 200 grains, copal in powder 26 grains, lamp black from two and a half to three grains: with the assistance of a gentle heat dissolve the copal in the oil of lavender in a small glass phial, and then mix the lamp black with the solution upon a marble slab or other smooth surface." The composition is to be put in a bottle, and kept from the air. If, after a few hours, it be found too thick, it must be diluted with a little oil of lavender, oil turpentine, or alcohol. For red ink "Take of oil lavender 120 grains, copal powder, 17 grains, red sulphur of mercury 60 grains." Both these compositions possess a permanent colour; the oil of lavender being dissipated with a gentle heat, colour is left on the paper surrounded with copal, a substance insoluble in water, spirits, acids, or alakine solutions. A manuscript written with them, may therefore be exposed to the process commonly used for restoring the colour of printed books, without the smallest injury to the writing; and, in this manner, all interpolations with common ink may be removed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO FANCY.

Come, Fancy, playful nymph, O come!
And with thy potent charm,
Swiftly dispersing every gloom,
The spectre care disarm.

From thee I seek no sensual joy,
No guilty bliss to find;
But those delights that never cloy,
The charms of Chloe's mind.

In sweet delusion, to my view,
The absent maid convey;
And, ever varying, ever new,
Each nameless grace display.

The lingering moments to beguile,
With her delighted rove;
And paint her sweetly dimpling smile
Of innocence and love.

And not to me alone, impart
Soft dreams of love and truth;
But Chloe's gentle, generous heart,
With magic influence soothe.

From thy lov'd pleasures should she fly,
And shun the festive train;
For absent Colin should she sigh,
And think on Colin's pain;

Should she each proffered joy defer,
Which virtue would bestow;
O tell her, that each sigh from her
Will add to Colin's woe.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following elegant and descriptive poem, is from one of my last London papers. The author appears to be a descendant from the Jaques of Shakespeare, and is a poetical brother to the sensitive writer, under that signature, who in many a Port Folio, has soothed the ear of some, has warmed the heart of others, and pleased all.]

THE PICTURE:

OR, THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

A POEM.

Through woods and thorns, and matted underwood,
I force my way; now climb, and now descend,
O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with blind foot
Crushing the purple whorts;* while oft unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest leaves,
The scar'd snake rustle. Onward still I toil,
I know not, ask not whither. A new joy
Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate or guide. The master-passion quell'd,
I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark
The fir-trees, and th' unfrequent slender oak
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High o'er me, murm'ring like a distant sea.
No myrtle-walks are here! These are no groves
For Love to dwell in; the low stumps would gore
His dainty feet; the briar and the thorn
Make his plumes haggard; till, like wounded bird,
Easily caught, the dusky Dryades,
With prickles sharper than his darts, would mock
His little Godship, making him per force
Creep thro' a thorn-bush on yon hedgehog's back.
This is my hour of triumph! I can now
With my own fancies play the merry fool,
And laugh away worse folly, being free.
Here will I seat myself beside this old,
Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
Clothes, as with net-work: here will couch my limbs
Close by this river, in this silent shade,
As safe and sacred from the step of man
As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
And list'ning only to the pebbly stream
That murmurs with a dead, yet bell-like, sound
Tinkling, or bees, that in the neighb'ring trunk,
Make honey-hoards. This breeze, that visits me,
Was never Love's accomplice, never rais'd
The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek;
Ne'er play'd the wanton—never half-disclos'd
The maiden's snowy bosom, scatt'ring thence
Eye-poisons for some love-distemper'd youth,
Who ne'er, henceforth, may see an aspen-grove
Shiver in sun-shine, but his feeble heart
Shall flow away, like a dissolving thing.
Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
Who swells his little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me on the mountain ash.
And thou too, desart stream! No pool of thine,
Tho' clear as lake in latest summer eve,
Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,
The face, the form divine, her downcast look
Contemplative, her cheek upon her palm
Supported; the white arm and elbow rest
On the bare branch of half uprooted tree,
That leans towards its mirror! He, meanwhile,
Who from her count'nance turn'd, or look'd by stealth,
(For fear is true-love's cruel nurse) he now,
With stedfast gaze and unoffending eye,
Worships the wat'ry idol, dreaming hopes
Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain,
Ev'n as that phantom-world, on which he gaz'd!
She, sportive tyrant! with her left hand plucks
The heads of tall flow'rs, that behind her grow,
Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells;
And suddenly, as one that toys with time,
Scatters them on the pool! Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo, he stays,
And soon the fragments dim, of lovely forms,
Come trembling black, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror; and behold
Each wild flow'r on the marge inverted there,
And there the half-uprooted tree—but where,
O where the virgin's snowy arm, that lean'd
On its bare branch? He turns, and she is gone!
Homeward she steals thro' many a woodland maze
Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth,
Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime
In mad love-gazing on the vacant brook,
Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
Behold'st her shadow still abiding there,
The Naiad of the Mirror!
Not to thee,
O wild and desart stream! belongs this tale.
Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs
Tow'r from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
Making thee doleful as a cavern well!
Save when the shy king's-fishers build their nest
On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!
This be my chosen haunt—emancipate
From passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,
I rise and trace its devious course. O lead,
Lead me to deeper shades, to lonelier glooms.
Lo! stealing thro' the canopy of firs,
How fair the sun-shine spots that mossy rock,
Isle of the river, whose disparted waters
Dart off asunder with an angry sound,
How soon to re-unite! They meet, they join
In deep embrace, and open to the sun
Lie calm and smooth. Such the delicious hour
Of deep enjoyment, foll'wing love's brief quarrels!
And hark, the noise of a near water-fall,
I come out into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest trees the lady of the woods)
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-lock'd, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. Beneath my feet
The whortle-berries are bedew'd with spray,
Dash'd upwards by the furious water-fall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy mass
Swings in its winnow! All the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage chimneys, ting'd with light,
Rises in columns: from this house alone
Close by the water-fall, the column slants
And feels its ceaseless breeze.—But what is this?
That cottage, with its slanting chimney smoke,
And close beside the porch a sleeping child,
His dear head pillow'd on a sleeping dog,
One arm between its fore legs, and the hand
Holds loosely its small handful of wild flow'rs,
Unfilletted, and of unequal lengths—
A curious picture, with a master's haste,
Sketch'd on a strip of pinky-silver skin,
Peel'd from the birchen bark!—Divinest maid—
Yon bark her canvass, and the purple berries
Her pencil!—See—the juice is scarcely dried
On the fine skin! She has been newly here,
And lo! Yon patch of heath has been her couch—
The pressure still remains! O blessed couch,
For this may'st thou flow'r early, and the sun
Slanting, at eve rest bright, and linger long
Upon the purple bells! O Isabel,
Daughter of Genius, stateliest of our maids,
More beautiful than whom Alcæus woo'd,
The Lesbian woman of immortal song,
O child of Genius, stately, beautiful,
And full of love to all, save only one,
And not ungentle ev'n to me!—My heart,
Why beats it thus? Thro' yonder coppice wood
Needs must the path-way turn, that leads away
On to her father's house. She is alone!
The night draws on—such ways are hard to hit—
And fit it is, I should restore this sketch,
Dropp'd unawares, no doubt—Why should I yearn
To keep the relique? 'Twill but idly feed
The passion, that consumes me. Let me haste!
This picture in my hand, which she has left,
She cannot blame me, that I follow'd her,
And I may be her guide the long wood through!

* *Vaccinium Myrtillus*, known by the different names of Whorts, Whortle-berries, Bil-berries; and, in the North of England, Blea-berries, and Bloom-berries.

EPIGRAM.

FROM BOILEAU.

With frightful face, deform'd, and bent,
Crampo from nature's mould was sent,
A monstrous mass by soul unmov'd;
Yet Phœdra saw, was charm'd, and lov'd;
Nor wonder we that she admires,
Each beast its semblative desires.

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